

BESSIE GRAHAM'S NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

BY KATE S. GATES.

Bessie Graham sat before the cheery grate fire in the library, waiting for the tea bell to ring. It was New Year's Eve, and Bessie was thinking very earnestly. Dr. Deane had preached impressively to the young people of his congregation yesterday, and Miss Grover spoke seriously to her class in Sabbath school.

Bessie had been thinking about it all day and wondering what she could do. Somehow she did not feel inclined to consult her mother, for, "very likely," she said to herself, "mamma would tell me to resolve for one thing that when I swept my room I'd be sure to sweep the corners clean. Of course I mean to be very faithful about everything, but who would ever think of making New Year's resolutions about such common-place things? I wish that I knew some poor folks to visit, or that mamma would let me take a class in the mission-school. It would be so delightful to have the children love me, and perhaps when they were grown up they would come and thank me for the good I had done them. Perhaps if I ask mamma once more, she will let me, and I'll ask Miss Grover if she does not know of some poor folks that I can visit or work for. I could—"

"Bessie, where are you?" called Tom from the hall.

"Oh, dear!" thought Bessie to herself, as she answered fretfully; "I do wish that Tom would let me have a little peace once in a while; he is always wanting something."

"I say, Bess," said Tom rather hesitatingly. "Would you make candy with Joe and me to-night?"

"No," said Bessie, decidedly. "I have something else to do, and then I can't endure that Joe Turner."

"Well he's got enough sight better sister that I have, any way. Carrie will do anything he wants her to," said Tom.

"Then have Joe ask her to make the candy, if she can find amusement with two such rough, saucy boys. I'm willing, I'm sure," replied Bessie.

Just then the tea bell rang, and Tom obeyed the summons with a sullen, angry face; but Bessie never once noticed it; she was so busy wondering if she could persuade mamma to let her take that class.

After tea Tom went directly off somewhere, but Bessie did not notice that either. If he had only been a member of that mission class, for instance, she would have been very much concerned about him, but as long as he was only her brother, she was not willing to exert herself in the least to keep him away from the street, and the companions he would be likely to meet there.

"Where's Tom?" asked mamma, the first thing, when she came in from her ride to grandpa's.

"I'm sure I do not know," replied Bessie. "I haven't seen him since supper."

Mamma looked troubled. It was after nine, and she did not like her boy wandering about the streets.

"Couldn't you have kept him at home, Bessie?"

"I suppose I could if I would amuse him, but I can't be bothered with him all the time. Why don't he amuse himself?"

Mamma turned away with a sigh, and just then papa came in.

"Where's Tom?" was his query instantly.

"Out somewhere. Bessie does not know where. Why?" asked mamma, anxiously, for papa seemed very much disturbed.

"Oh, nothing very particular, only some of the boys have gone to the river skating, and I do not think it is quite safe. Tom is over at Joe's, I presume. I'll step over and see."

Mamma's face grew very white, and even Bessie listened anxiously for papa's return.

When he came he only stopped at the door.

"He isn't there, and they do not know whether he went to the river or not. Sam Turner wanted him to, they think. I guess I'll go down and see."

But before papa was down the steps, Joe came rushing up with a white face.

"Somebody's drowned in the river, and they are bringing him up—and Jack Peters thinks—it's—Tom."

Papa went down the street like a flash. Mamma tried to steady herself by the staircase. Bessie burst into tears, and crouched down at her feet.

"Oh mamma, mamma, it's all my fault! he wanted me to make candy, and I wouldn't"

because I was dreaming, just as I always am, of what I was going to do. Can you ever forgive me?"

But mamma could only kiss her with trembling lips, and then they stood in silence, hand clasped in hand, and waited.

It seemed hours to Bessie. How could she bear it?

"And to think I thought I was good enough to teach a class! I'm too wicked to live. I shall never be happy again—never. Oh, if I could only have Tom back again, I would do anything in the world for him! But I never can do anything now. I have just as good as killed him."

Just then there was the sound of a familiar, merry whistle, the door opened, and in walked—Tom, without the slightest symptom of being "drowned."

"O Tom, is it you?" cried Bessie.

"Tisn't anyone else that I know of," replied Tom.

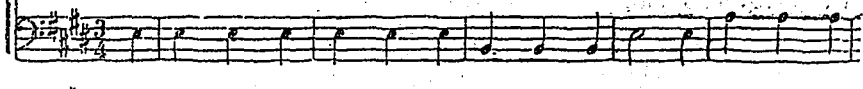
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"Not that I know of. Haven't been there anyway. The boys wanted me to go, but I thought that you would not want me to. What's up, any way?"

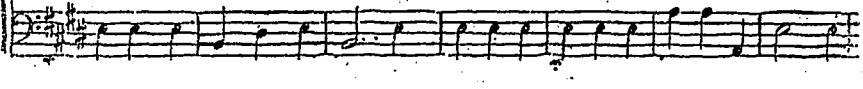
HAPPY NEW YEAR.



1 We hail thee, fair morn - ing, the first of the year; Ere gleams the red
2. But let us re - mem - ber how fast the days fly, How soon comes De -

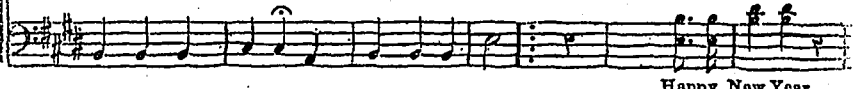


sunshine, we'll shout loud and clear; The old year's depart - ed, the New Year is here, With
- combor, when "New Year" will die; Then welcome the New Year, companions, a - gain, For



CHORUS.

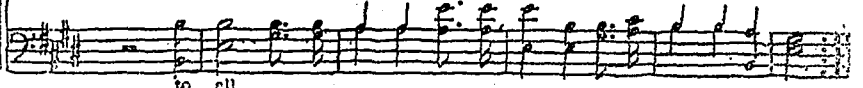
sweet smiles to greet us, be - hold him ap - pear. Happy New Year to all, Happy
bright days in beauty the year shall enchain.



Happy New Year



New Year to all, Happy New Year, Happy New Year, Happy New Year to all.



to all.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

The record of the "old year" is now closed—the last sands in the hour-glass have run. He has laid himself down to die—the midnight clock has struck,—his mission is ended, and we hail the New Year with joy and earnestly wish our readers a happy and prosperous one.

We hope that our friends new and old will be pleased with the changes we are making in this paper as well as with the fact that they will see it oftener this year than ever before; for instead of being published semi-monthly it will henceforth be issued fortnightly, thus giving the subscriber two extra numbers in the year, without, however, increasing the cost.

The above facts, coupled with the premiums we are giving to our workers, should very materially increase this paper's circulation.

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WE SHOULD REGARD the preacher, whatever his faults, as a man sent with a message to us, which it is a matter of life and death whether we hear or refuse; as a man set in charge over many spirits in danger of ruin, with but an hour or two in the seven days to speak to them; but thirty minutes at a time to get at the hearts of a thousand men, when, breathless and weary with the weeks' labor, they give him this interval of imperfect and languid hearing; but thirty minutes to convince them of all their weaknesses, to shame them of all their sins, to warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of those doors where the Master himself has stood and knocked, and none opened; but thirty minutes in which to raise the dead.—*John Ruskin.*

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"Not that I know of. Haven't been there anyway. The boys wanted me to go, but I thought that you would not want me to. What's up, any way?"

Before mamma and Bessie could finish their story, papa came in, and said that one of the boys had broken through, but was rescued alive.

"O Tom," said Bessie, putting up her tear-stained face for a kiss, "if you will forgive me for being cross to-night, I'll make candy or do anything whenever you want; but don't get drowned!"

"Not much I won't, if I can help it, and it will be awfully jolly if you will do things once in a while."

"I've got just the best sister in the world," said Tom a long time after.

But Bessie never mentioned the mission class to her mother.—*Zion's Herald.*

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